WADCO NEWS

Volume 2 | Plainville, Mass., February 11, 1921 | Number 3

Girls Show Best Form at Bowling

Their idea of Alley Etiquette for Men.

After dispensing with your hat, coat, and in extreme cases, collar and necktie, and having deposited your loose change, and family jewels in the safe, assume an entirely natural and relaxed position on the bench. Arms folded, permissible and good form. Under no conditions sit on the top rail, as this puts you in the same class with the bird who rests his feet on the parlor table and wears a hat while reading a copy of the Police Gazette.

Light a Plantation, or mayhap some other smoke producer. Some prefer to smoke one with a bright gold band, but this habit is slowly dying out, and is really only indulged in by actors, etc. Very seldom bank directors or presidents. Be that as it is, inhale and jam the smoke through the nostrils. This soothes the nerves and causes your opponents to wonder in amazement at your evident coolness and utter disregard of the surrounding excitement.

When it's your turn to bowl, arise slowly, cast your eyes down the alley in a critical sort of way, glare at the foulman and take a slant at the score board to see what luck your fellow bowlers have had. Meanwhile grasp the towel in both hands, and go thru the motions of a tug-of-war. This, of course, to dry your hands and is not done to give the impression that you are familiar with the old out-of-date bar towel.

The next is an important move: Select a ball from the rack. Take plenty of time, as there are only eleven other men bowling. If the balls are not correct in weight, size or color, etc., show your disgust by frowning. It is not good policy to swear at this stage of the game, save your words for other causes.

Having finally selected the right spheroid, assume an easy position near the score board. Expectorate once or twice into the cuspidor, or as near by as possible, hold ball in left

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WHY IS THIS ?

A suitable award will be paid for the best answer to this question. When an intelligent bunch of people will risk life and limb in such a mad scramble to get out, and then take their time after they get downstairs, there must be a reason worth having. Is it that their environment is obnoxious, or is it to see Plante start his car?

A whole page in the next issue will be reserved for the best answers.

$100 REWARD

More or Less

To any person or persons who will produce a better first page in the Wadco, this being the product of master minds born in a hurry. Competition wanted but not expected, as it is a gift.

Income Tax To Pay For New Additions to Plant

How many frames or bags did you help produce in 1920? Answer why and where, and carry over to item 16A, 3rd column.

If over 100, use blank 17-cqv.

What was your total of good ones, if any, and state when. Do you work left handed? If so, use form x-63.

Read instructions, sheet F.

Give total work that went to scrap can and carry over to schedule M.

How many times did you change your position in 1920?

Do you claim any exemption for poor stock or Foreman's instructions? Who said so? Why and what for?

Were you interested in bowling or hockey, if so, see exemption claim on page 2 column 4, and add to total put in scrap-can.

To be answered by persons other than those described in items 4-16-32½.

Subscribed and sworn at this,

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Wadco News

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EDITORIALS

A Gentleman

The man who is clean inside and outside, who neither looks up to the rich nor down on the poor, who can lose without squealing and win without bragging, who is considerate of women, children, and old people, who is too brave to lie, too generous to cheat, and too sensible to loaf, who takes his share of the world's goods and lets others have theirs, is a true gentleman.

The front page of this issue is furnished by the combined efforts and genius of Lee Higgins and Bill Sweet. Take notice of the reward offered and show us your ideas. The editor is willing and ready to receive ideas and help on the paper at any time. It is very easy to criticize and tear down but constructive criticism is always a help. Such help we are receiving this issue and we hope for more. The front page of the next issue, that of February 25th, is assigned to the office force. Get your ideas ready. Your turn may come next.

We are glad to see that the boys are waking up as shown by the several bowling matches. Our sporting editor is looking for more space in the paper to keep up with the events.

There surely are some athletes among the girls. Helen J. tried her luck at "hurdling" over the steam pipes but didn't quite go "over the top." (And then the crowd gathered.)

MIDDLEBORO NEWS

Listen, girls, both young and old!
I'll tell something the Boss wants told
He says he hears us rave and cuss
When bags with holes come back to us.

He thinks it is a measley shame
To give the pullers all the blame.
It's not because they have a spite
They pull those bags with all their might.

That is the work for which they are paid;
And if our bags are carefully made
There is not the slightest, slightest doubt,
That never a ring could they pull out.

Sometimes the gas is not just right,
Sometimes the rings are not closed tight.
The mesh is rotten often times
When its sent down to Mr. Heintz.

Whatever the cause, though not our fault
Too hasty speech we must call a halt,
Let's play the game, and *with a grin*
Mend the "darn things" when they come in.

John Bamberger, like a fire-horse old,
Cannot keep still when fire bells toll.
The other night he had a "fit"
When they wouldn't let him "do his bit"

To check a raging fire nearby,
Whose smoke and cinders reached the sky.
We hope that fires will keep away
While Johnny chooses here to stay.

There is a sad delusion among Plainville's fleet
And a wrong impression I must correct,
When the new bench hands had said "they'd run
Down to Middleboro just for fun."

To William Ireland somebody said,
"Oh, don't go there, Middleboro's dead."
Those that think it are asleep,
And wide awake had better keep.
Never believe it not for a minute.
For Middleboro's alive—and all the folks in it.
By and by, I'll hear you groan
"Middleboro sure is, holding her own."

That rumor was started, I should judge
By someone who "concealed a grudge."
So I'll correct it in accents bold,
Before it gains too strong a hold.

I'm thinking Cupid will meet defeat
For Billy I. is quite discreet
And very quiet, but this I know
You couldn't ever call him "slow."
Somebody must have "put him wise,"
For Satan dances in his eyes.

—Hattie Goodwin.

Could We Do Any Better

Not many of us realize the conditions that have been met and overcome by some of our Armenian shopmates in getting to this town.

Paul Bilizarian of the Soldered Mesh Department had made up his mind to come to America when the war broke out. He was a member of the Armenian army, fighting the Turks. He finally fought the Bolsheviki and was taken prisoner, and later was taken to Vladivostok.

After many hardships he came from there to Vancouver and then across the United States to the east, having covered over 18,000 miles on his way.

Here, instead of reading an Armenian newspaper and being content with the news from his home-land, he took a "United States" paper and studied out the news concerning the people here in this country.

When he landed here he could not speak a word of English, but now with night school work, he is able to make himself understood fairly well.

Many of us might go far if we exercised his determination and perseverance.

Now that Florence has a banjo, Tina a banjo-mandolin, and Lydia a ukulele, the soldering bench hopes to have an orchestra soon.

The dress suits from Brown seemed to be quite an attraction. What do you say, Catherine, Irene and Anna?

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 3)

hand and grasp towel once more with the right. Then get set for a fling at the wood.

Never, while waiting, throw the ball in the air, and catch it, or start to converse, this being a sure sign of the novice or beginner. Now lean forward slightly from the belt up; swing the ball backward, run three or four steps; approach the foul line by one inch or closer and then, with a forward swing and from the right hand corner of the alley, let the ball travel toward the head pin.

The old-timers will tell you they always know just where the ball is going to make contact. Carry out this belief by swinging your right arm forward, as if to deliver an uppercut to the jaw, and then suddenly applying the brake. This conveys the idea that you expect a strike, even though three remain standing.

Now is the time to swear. Not loud, understand, and nothing rough, but under your breath, so to speak, and with a slight, but noticeable swaying of the head to register emphatic surprise and disappointment.

The second ball delivery receives the same treatment, towel action and all, but in the case of a miss the expressions, both facial and vocal, are multiply by two or more.

When a strike or spare is made a different attitude is taken. That is, the bowler returns very quickly to the bench with a look which seems to say, "That's nothing—nothing at all. I do that regularly. I'm an old hand at this game."

ALUMINUM GOODS MFG. CO.

Effort, after it has brought success, can never fairly be termed luck.

There is not much use in burying the hatchet unless you forget the location of the grave.

Any man who can sum up his day's work with a feeling of self-satisfaction that he has put in his best licks can lie on his couch at night with a good clear conscience and has a right to expect only the best outcome from his work.

A village girl eloped in her father's clothes. The next day the local paper came out with an account of the elopement, headed, "Flees in Father's Pants."

SPORTS

FRANK BROWN, *Editor*

The sporting activities of the employees is now at its height in the factory. All departments have a bowling team of its own and are knocking down the pins almost every night at the Anawan Alleys. Not to be outdone by the male portion of the factory, the ladies bestirred themselves and got together a most formidable aggregation of pin smashers and hied themselves to the fray one night last week and to see them wollop the poor pins was a caution. First they would roll up their sleeves and spit on their hands like a man, and then shut their eyes and let her go; and if the ball stayed on the alleys some of the pins would come down, and if enough fell they would yell like mad to their opponents, which would make a keen rivalry for the other side to wake up and do likewise. The following score was a very good one for the first attempt at the game. Dolly Bell was high roller for the soldered mesh girls in singles, and Anna Greve highest in totals. For the Assembly girls, Elsie Hemmingsen carried the honors in both single and total strings. We are in hopes to chronicle in our next issue the result of other teams of ladies from the other departments. The following is the correct box score:

SOLDERED MESH

Anna Greve,	57	64	62	183
Katherine Kenedy,	53	53	63	169
Dot Staples,	54	44	60	158
Mildred Miller,	47	55	50	152
Dorothy Bell,	46	52	76	174
				836

ASSEMBLY ROOM

Elsie Hemmingsen,	73	68	70	211
Mary Gobin,	37	42	58	137
Mary Joyce,	53	46	47	146
Elsie Quirk,	64	43	59	166
Clara Hemmingsen,	51	52	37	140
				813

The team from the Stamp department got after the Mesh gang and trimmed them since our last issue, although the Berkleyites gave them a run for their money. Gaddes was high for the smashers and Sharpe showed old time form for the Berkleyites. The box score was as follows:

STAMP DEPARTMENT

Gaddes,	90	95	100	285
Savage,	84	85	87	256
White,	79	94	86	259
Ouellette,	81	84	84	249
Baxter,	97	76	70	243
				1292

MESH DEPARTMENT

Berger,	68	90	86	244
Sharpe,	85	97	86	268
McNeil,	83	80	74	237
Muccurone,	74	80	92	246
Pelligri,	103	79	83	205
				1260

The plain clothes men of the ink slingers of the Office arrived with their team on the scene and challenged the active crowd from the Planning Room, thinking of course they would have a picnic with them, but they were trimmed quite handily. Dan Crotty was high for the Planners, and Weatherbee for the pencil pushers. The box score was as follows:

PLANNING

Crotty,	99	89	88	276
Francis,	77	97	76	250
Spence,	85	87	82	254
Kenyon,	66	82	86	234
Labrie,	94	83	84	261
				1275

OFFICE

G. Manchester,	71	87	85	243
Meagan,	78	71	80	229
Peasley,	87	90	74	251
Weatherbee,	76	99	87	261
Sanford,	89	85	85	259
				1244

The team from the Coloring Room felt they should try what their strength was. So they decided to put on a coat of green and cover their hands with plenty of cyanide gilding material and go after the smashers of the Stamp room. They were not quite there for they were trimmed by the second team of smashers. White was high for the smashers and Laughton for the bright ones.

Let Thrift Be Your Ruling Habit

"Thrift is a habit. We are ruled by our habits. When habits are young they are like lion-cubs, soft, fluffy, funny, frolicsome little animals. Eventually they rule you.

"Choose ye this day the habit ye would have rule over you."

CAUGHT IN THE MESH

Winning Hockey Team Feeds

On Tuesday evening the players met at the Whiting & Davis Restaurant and were given a steak dinner which only Chef Olson can prepare. The Offiee may have lost the hockey game but came aeross with the goods when it eame to pay their debts. Between the eourses of the dinner speeches were made by different members of the Team.

Higgins was asked how he could put away so mneh grub when all he did was referee.

Nash rushed Evans for the end seat.

Kenyon explained how he forgot to return Peasley's wateh.

Crotty showed the boys how to apply Sloan's Liniment.

Meagan attended the dinner without his shin-guards.

W. Rice came in late but ate as much as the others.

Peasley's skinned knuekles didn't stop him from making a speech.

Gleeson was there when it came to a song.

S. Rice broke his skates during the game but managed to break even on the iee-eream.

Gene's reach was good at the game, but you should have seen him at the dinner.

Eddie told the boys how they should have won.

Goodall believed in being seen and not heard when asked for a few remarks.

Whiting's advances towards the cake were the same as towards the goal.

Clampitt missed a few goals but nothing on the table.

Gag. forgot his lame knee when "Margie" was being played.

The evening was greatly enjoyed and musie was furnished by an Edison maehine. A rising vote of thanks was given Mr. C. A. Whiting for the use of the restaurant and also for his support given in all branches of sports

Minutes Lost Per Employee

	Jan. 15	Jan. 22
Mesh Room,	8	11
Assembly,	12	24
Dept. A,	14	5
Polishing,	16	17
Lining Dept.,	5	7
Coloring,	7	12
Bench,	17	15
Soldered Mesh,	5	14
Unsoldered Mesh,	10	8
Tool Room,	12	19
Stamp & Press,	10	22
Maintenance,	26	35
Repair,	5	9
Rolling,	7	0
Planning,	3	0
Offiee,	9	17
Dept. B,	16	22
Die Dept.,		30
Whiting Chain,	5	3
Total hours lost,	119	167

Hear Ye! Hear Ye!

On Monday eve. next, or to be exaet, February 14, 1921, we shall have a basket ball game between the Dieeutters "Hambones" and the Offiee "Hinky Dinks." It will be played down in Lafayette Hall and J. Oliver Gagnon has charge of securing a four-piece orchestra for a little social time to follow the game.

All you shop beauties! All you live wires and you dead ones! All ye crabs and jokers! in fact, everybody, even Joe Miller and Hattie Coombs will be admitted for the measley insignificant little sum of twenty-five eents.

This is a Golden Opportunity to review a galaxy of Annette Kellermans and no man's life will be complete without it. We most earnestly solieit your quarters.

Sweets to the Swede. Everybody guess for whom the two lollypops were which Harry brought into the office the other day.

FOR SALE—One 1917 Ford Touring Car. Price $600. Apply to H. Crowther, W. C. Co.

The Chain Co. would like to have additional floor space added to the new reereation room where they might hold their boxing matches in the future.

Mrs. Roberts' motto:: Stop! Look! Listen!

CATS WANTED—Doris Larsen. Can you imagine—

Bill Sweet without a smile?
Jim Gleason not blushing?
Erline Parker without Vange?
Eddie Manchester in a hurry?
Jessie Bourgeois with a fellow?
Louis Whiting daneing?
Fred Lynds married?
Eva Coneois in a bowling alley?
Feilx Benoit without his hat?
Saxi Metcalf in a dress suit?

Regina Sirois favorite song is, "Brighten the eorner where you are." Have you seen her left hand?

Nancy Bell is ill with the mumps. We do miss her—and the whistle.

A "second" bowling team has been formed among the girls of the soldered mesh deportment. They are anxious to prove their ability to the "first" team that has not been beaten yet. Those on the "second" team are: Edith Cooke, Florence Whiting, Tina Ganvin, Lena Babineau and Rhea Larock.

When asked recently how he liked married life, Steve Tutillian replied, "I tell Coren, now he married, I tell Dandelion, now he married, I guess bime'by every Armenian fella' get married."

We believe he must have told Paul as Paul presented Hattie with a pretty potted orange tree the other day, and is trying to find out where she lives.